

# Ruff Ryders, World War III

Ruff Ryders, Ruff Ryders

Ryde or Die Volume 2 (Tugboats)

It's the second time around motherfucker

Volume 2 Ryde or Die Biatch

Gangsta Nigga and we gone rock this motherfucker

We the square root of the motherfucking street

Double R you cocksucking sons of bitches

[Swizz Beatz, Snoop Dogg]

Swizz: State yo name gangsta

Snoop: Big Snoop Dogg

Swizz: Where you representing

Snoop: Westcoast

Swizz: Yo gone hold it down

Snoop: Please believe it nigga

Swizz: Enough said then nigga Hold on Hold up Biatch

[Snoop Dogg]

Uh, lets make this official

shine yo boots and load yo pistol

pull out yo best credentials cause this will

be the official for the fake tissue

Doggy Dogg and Big Swissal, nigga blow the whistle

Smoking on some bomebee to second hand smoke

Will get you, hit you, and make you all get the picture

When was the last time you seen me

postin up while ?oastin up, while sippin on some remix

Believe me it ain't easy been Diese

wit these jealous rap niggas and these punk ass frizes

Man I can remember at what they told me

when I first came in the game thangs done changed

Call it what you wanna, keep it on her

Eastcoast, Long Beach, California spinning like a toner

Banging on the corner, hot like a sauna

Get the best of you then ? to California

[Swiss Beatz, Yung Wun]

Swizz: State yo name yungsta

Yung: Yung Wun

Swizz: Where you representing

Yung: ATL shorty

Swizz: You gone hold it down

Yung: Damn, right

Swizz: Enough said then

Yung: Nigga

Swizz: Lets go

[Yung Wun]

Shorty pop a lot, acting like you got a lot

wit all that fake ice on his watch, this nigga wanna get got

Coming to my city wit all that hot shit and his fake ass clit

I'm a put something in him and bust his wig, I'm on some thugged out shit

You better be strapped boy, how you love that boy, act boy

I'm gone break yo back boy, wit a bat boy, where you at boy

Hold up I'm cold hearted, damn right I get retarded

I'm a yung-on and down here bitch I'm the hardest

You can hoot, hide and talk that shit

I'm gone stay low and keep it real and shorty come up

But when I bite you gone feel that there, it's real down here

Watch you mouth boy, you might get killed down here

I'm a ryde or die nigga, put something in yo eye nigga

Get beside yourself and it's bye bye nigga

When it come to glock cocking and drop popping

I'm the first to hit the block and go to war wit the cops fuck nigga

[Swiss Beatz, Scarface]

Swizz: State yo name gangsta

Scarface: Scarface

Swizz: Where you representing

Scarface: Motherfucking southside  
Swizz: You gone hold it down  
Scarface: Goddamn right  
Swizz: Enough said then nigga  
[Scarface]  
Holly hos, Scarface an?  
Bringing terror wit this beretta, I clutch in my palm  
I'm scaring motherfuckers straight wit my  
Guerilla tactics guranteeing my enemy die  
It's worldwide army alert for all soliders  
Either you Ruff Ryde, Ryde Ruff, or roll over  
It's a stick up, down on yo knees, plus I'm sicker  
Cause disrepected, you dont disrespect me nigga  
I'm the one these niggas call on when negotiations are halting  
and time come for the beating up the bosses  
Make them an offer that can't refuse, they don't comply  
when I walk out they stank these fools  
I guess these niggas think they can't be moved  
Realizing they don't scare niggas like they thank they do  
You fuck wit me, I gots to fuck wit you  
World War 3 motherfucker, I thought you knew  
[Swiss Beatz, Jadakiss]  
Swizz: State yo name gangsta  
Jada: Jadakiss nigga  
Swizz: Where you representing  
Jada: East Coast dog  
Swizz: You gone hold it down  
Jada: Why wouldn't I  
Swizz: Enough said then nigga  
Jada: Let's go  
[Jadakiss]  
If you fuckin wit the kiss you ain't gone breathe  
the only time I lick in the air is New Year's Eve  
Sonny from Bronstail you can't leave  
get kissed on yo cheek then you meant to die  
Cause when the gun start poppin then my temperature rise  
yo know my style 20 niggas wit 40 Cals  
Nine years ago you was hollering shorty wild  
Now I'm in the rap game twisting these hunnies out  
Never left the crack game still on a money route  
I run through the industry looking for enemies  
Y'all niggas sound sick and Jada the remedy  
get shot in yo eyes and mouth  
can't see can't talk when you fucking wit the heart of New York  
And that's fouler that swalling pork  
An don't fuck wit the feds, dog you know I push the prowler to court  
toast on my lap, got the East Coast on my back  
How many times must I tell you motherfuckers  
We ain't industry niggas  
We in-the-streets niggas  
We motherfucking riders forever bitch now what  
So Ryde or Die you talk it we live it (Eastcoast)  
So Ryde or Die you want it we give it (Westcoast)  
So Ryde or Die you started we ended (Dirty south)  
So Ryde or Die you talk it we live it (Big West)  
So Ryde or Die you want it we give it (Ruff Ryders)  
So Ryde or Die you started we ended (Biatch)  
Motherfucker, Ruff Ryders, Double R motherfucker, Ruff Ryders